GRANDMOTHER'S ROSARY.

allver craciffs were thin and bright, he feet all emosts with a ness from dead furever praying, as the bury hands furever spin, I have the chining strands, Hallowed with age, between my Juger upo.

While tours not an unbidden dist my sight; Nor need I block for them, dear soul s Expenses in simpler days and holier lands,

The cent to heavist eighty years ago, Her children praised her, following the feet. That led them only virtue's way to know; And this is left, a rolin, quaint and sweet, Binssed reminder of a saint by me, Of air I long but thre not hope to be. —Mary E. Manniz in Rosary.

THE BLACK DOG.

There was a ceaseless rumble in the air as the heavy rain drops buttered upon the laurel thickets and the matted moss and haggard rocks beneath. Four water scaled men made their difficult ways through the drenched forest. The little man stopped and shook an angry finger at where night was stealthily foilowing them. "Cursed be fate and her children and her children's children! We are everlastingly lost? he cried, The panting procession halted under some dripping, drooping hemlocks and swore in wrathful astonishment.

"It will rain for forty days and forty nights," said the pudgy man meaningly, "and I feel like a wet loaf of bread now, We shall never find our way out of this wilderness until I am made into a por-

In desperation they started again to drag their listless bodies through the watery bushes. After a time, the clouds withdrew from above them and great winds came from concealment and went sweeping and swirling among the trees. Night also came very near and menaced the wanderers with darkness. The little man had determination in his legs. He scrambled among the thickets and made desperate attempts to find a path or road. As he climbed a hillock he espied a small clearing upon which sat desclation and a venerable house, wept over by wind waved pines.

'Ho," he cried, "here's a house." His companions straggled painfully after him as he fought the thickets between him and the cabin. At their approach the wind frenziedly opposed them and skirled madly in the trees. The little man beldly confronted the weird glances from the crannies of the cabin and rapped on the door. A score of timbers answered with groans, and within something fell to the floor with a

"Ho," said the little man. He stepped back a few paces. Somebody in a distant part started

and walked across the floor toward the door with an ominous step. A slate colored man appeared. He was dressed in a ragged shirt and trousers, the latter stuffed into his boots. Large tears were falling from his eyes. "How d' do, my friend?" said the little

man affably. "My ol uncle, Jim Crocker, he's sick ter death," replied the slate colored per-

"Hol" said the little man. "Is that so?" The latter's clothing clung desperately to him and water sogged in his boots. He stood patiently on one foot for a

"Can you put us up here until tomorrow?" he asked finally.

"Yes," said the slate colored man. The party passed into a little un-washed room, inhabited by a stove, a stairway, a few precarious chairs and a misshapen table.

"I'll fry yer some po'k and make yer some coffee," said the slate colored man to his guests.

"Go ahead, old boy," cried the little man cheerfully from where he sat on the table smoking his pipe and dangling his legs.

"My of uncle, Jim Crocker, he's sick ter death," said the slate colored man. "Think he'll die?" asked the pudgy man gently.

KNO2" "He won't die! He's an ol man, but

"The black dog?" said the little man feebly. He struggled with himself for

"What's the black dog?" he asked at "He's a sperrit," said the slate colored

man in a voice of somber hue. "Oh, he is? Well?" "He ha'nts these parts, he does, an

when people are goin to die he comes and sets and howls." "Ho!" said the little man. He looked out of the window and saw night mak-

ing a million shadows. The little man moved his legs perv-

"I don't believe in these things," said he, addressing the state colored man, who was scuffling with a side of pork. "Wot things?" came incoherently from the combatant.

"Oh, these 'er' phantoms and ghosts and what not. All rot, I say." "That's because you have merely a

stomach and no soul," grunted the pudgy "Ho, old pudgkins!" replied the little

man. His back curved with passion. A tempest of wrath was in the pudgy man's eye. The final epithet used by the little man was a carefully studied insult, always brought forth at a crisis. They quarreled. "All right, polykins; bring on your

phantom," cried the little man in conelusium. His stout companion's wrath was too

bugs for words. The little man smiled triumphantly. He had staked his opponent's reputation.

The visitors sat silved. The slate colorel man moved about in a small percount atmosphere of gloom.

ears from somewhere. It was a low, trembling call which made the little tean quake privately in his shoes. The state colored man bounded at the stairway and disappeared with a flash of legs through a hole in the colling. The party below heard two voices in conversation. one belonging to the slate colored man and the other in the quivering tones of age. Directly the class colored man reappeared them above and said, "The ol-

man is food had for his supper," He murriedly prepared a mixture with Aust woder, salt and beef. Beef ten it gright be called. He disappeared again. Once tipre the party below heard, wagnely, talking over their heads. The District ago arous to a shrick Pillers the window, foul! Do you

think I can live in the smell of your that the donor placed the indney where

Mutterings by the slats colored man and the creaking of a window were

The slate colored man stumbled down the stairs, and said with intense gloom, The black dorg'll be along soon.

The little man started and the pudgy man sneered at him. They ate a supper and then sat waiting. The pudgy man listened so palpably that the little man wished to kill him. The wood fire became excited and sputtered frantically. Without a thousand spirits of the winds had become entangled in the pine branches and were lowly pleading to be loosened. The slate oclored man tiptoed across the room and hit a timid

candle. The men sat waiting. The phantom dog lay cuddled to a round bundle, asleep down the roadway against the windward side of an old shanty. The specter's master had moved to Pike county, but the dog lingered as a friend might linger at the tomb of a friend. His fur was like a suit of old clothes. His jowls hung and flopped, exposing his teeth. Yellow famine was in his eyes. The wind rocked shanty grouned and muttered, but the dogelept. Suddenly, however, he got up and shampled to the roadway. He cast a long glance from his hungry, despairing eyes in the direction of the venerable house. The breeze came full to his nostrils. He threw back his head and gave a long, low howl and started in-

tently up the road. Maybe he smelled a dead man. The group around the fire in the venerable house were listening and waiting. The atmosphere of the room was tense. The slate colored man's face was twitching and his drabbed hands were gripped together. The little man was continually looking behind his chair. Upon the countenance of the pudgy man appeared conceit for an approaching triumph over the little man, mingled with apprehension for his own safety. Five pipes glowed as rivals of the timid candle. Profound silence drooped heavily over them. Finally the slate colored

"My ol uncle, Jim Crocker, he's sick ter death."

The four men started and then shrank back in their chairs. "Damn it!" replied the little man

Again there was a long silence. Suddenly it was broken by a wild cry from the room above. It was a shriek that struck upon them with appalling swiftness, like a flash of lightning. The walls whirled and the floor rumbled. It brought the men together with a rush. They huddled in a heap and stared at the white terror in each other's faces. The slate colored man grasped the can-dle and flared it above his head. "The black dorg," he howled, and plunged at the stairway. The maddened four men followed frantically, for it is better to be in the presence of the awful than

Their ears still quivering with the shriek, they bounded through the hole in the ceiling and into the sickroom.

only within hearing.

With quilts drawn closely to his shrunken breast for a shield, his bony hand gripping the cover, an old man lay, with glazing eyes fixed on the open window. His throat gurgled and a froth appeared at his mouth.

From the outer darkness came a strange, unnatural wail, burdened with of death and each note filled with foreboding. It was the song of the spectral dog.

"God!" screamed the little man. He ran to the open window. He could see nothing at first save the pine trees, engaged in a furious combat tossing back and forth and struggling. The moon was peeping cautiously over the rims of some black clouds. But the chant of the phantom guided the little man's eyes, and he at length perceived its shadowy form on the ground under the window. He fell away gasping at the sight. The pudgy man crouched in a corner, chattering insanely. The slate colored man, in his fear, crooked his legs and looked like a hideous Chinese idol. The man upon the bed was turned

to stone, save the froth, which pulsated. In the final struggle terror will fight the inevitable. The little man roared he won't die yit! The black dorg hain't maniacal curses, and rushing again to the window began to throw various ar-

ticles at the specter. A mug, a plate, a knife, a fork, all crashed or clanged on the ground, but the song of the specter continued. The bowl of beef tea followed. As it struck the ground the phantom ceased its cry.

The men in the chamber sank limply against the walls, with the unearthly wail still ringing in their ears and the fear unfaded from their eyes. They waited again.

The little man felt his nerves vibrate. Destruction was better than another wait. He grasped a candle and, going to the window, held it over his head and

"Ho!" he said. His companions crawled to the window and peered out with him. "He's eatin the beef tea," said the

slate colored man faintly. "The damn dog was hungry," said the pudgy man. "There's your phantom," said the little

man to the pudgy man. On the bed, the old man lay dead, Without, the specter was wagging its tail.—New York Tribune.

Discovering Hidden Money. Charles W. Duntz lives on the Landing road near the Halfway House. Tuesday morning while his wife was engaged in cleaning a portrait that had been in their possession more than a quarter of a century, she accidentally broke through a cover on the back and saw underneath it a piece of paper. She pulled it out and found that it was an old two dollar bill. She called her son's attention to it, and the lad took the cover off. Underneath it they found Suddenly a strange cry came to their two \$500 bills, issued by a bank in Massachusette one in 1856, the other in

> During the day Mr. Duntz took the bills to the Union bank and learned that the bank of issuance was still in existence, and that the bills were probably pennine and worth their face value. Mr. Reynolds, teller of the bank, communicated with the Massachusetts bank people and learned that it had \$500 hills of the old state issue still out and was ready to redeem them if they were gen-

About twenty-eight years ago this picture was sent to Mr. Duntz by a wealthy relative, who requested that it should be carefully kept in the family, the portrait being that of a daughter who is still living. Mr. Dunts thinks

it was found, expecting that it would be discovered some day when it would be of some real benefit to the finder. She was very peculiar in her ways at all times. - Kinderhook Rough Notes.

Her Choice Was Made.

In charming indecision she gazed at the two portraits. The uncertainty in her heart clouded her eyes just enough to soften and render more bewitching their splender.

"Which shall it be?" she murmured. From one to the other of the pictures her glances wandered. Now her countenance would for a moment beam with the joy of a settled choice only to darken again in a moment with per-

"If I could only say which one." A sigh fluttered within the tender bosom and escaped from the rosy lips.
"Will is dark. I love dark men."

She clasped her hands and raptorously

"One of them I must marry." Rising to her feet she paced the floor nervously. It was a life's happiness that hung trembling in the balance.

"I am sure both of them love me with all their hearts." Hand was pressed in hand until the blood forsook the taper fingers with the

frantic pressure. "Both of them-but stay." It was a startled look that flashed across her face.

"Yes, yes; it is surely so." Relief succeeded anxiety and a smile of sweet content flitted about her lips. "If I marry Will, Henry"-

She leaned forward fondly toward the portraits. -"will give me a wedding present. If I marry Henry I just know Will would be huffy and never give me a

She pondered a moment in silence. "Yes," she softly whispered at last,

"I shall marry Will." And the high resolve invested her personality with a new interest .- Detroit

A Welcome Visitor.

"Tell your mother that I am going to see her soon," said a lady on Austin avenue to Mrs. Sniverly's little boy, who was playing in front of the gate. "I am glad you are coming, and ma will be glad to see you too."

"How do you know she will be glad to see me?' asked Mrs. Sniverly. "Because I heard her say yesterday

she would be glad to see somebody who didn't come here to collect a bill. She said nobody ever came to the house except men with bills."-Texas Siftings.

Real Careless. There is a young fellow in a State street wholesale house who is not particularly strong on spelling. The other day he made out a shipping bill for "fourty" barrels of flour. When his employer called his attention to the peculiar spelling of the word forty he said: "Oh, yes; how very careless of me. I left out the gh!"—Hartford Post.

Goslin-In the papah heah is an account of a fellaw who killed his wife and committed suicide, doncher know. Sappy-Which did he do fawst, aw? Goslin-The papah doesn't say. Vewy

stupid, Aw'm sure.-Brooklyn Life. Astronomically True.

She-Do behave! He-Just one little kiss! Your father has gone in.

She (gazing skyward)-Yes, but don't you know that Mars' unusually near?-Pittsburg Bulletin.

When Biblical Language Easily Flows. Even the minister when he sits down on the adhesive fly paper thinks that there are times when it is best to be alone.-Somerville Journal.

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scrutinized the nearest portrait. "But Henry is so noble and good." A faint flush crept into her cheek. Her thoughts were with the other pic-

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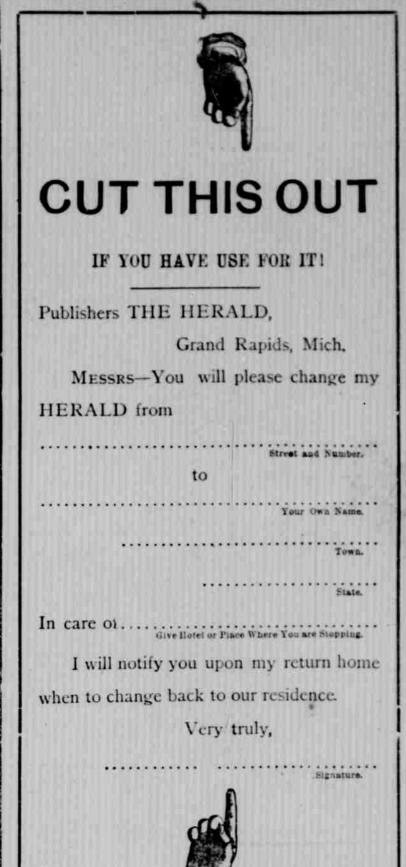
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